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CHARLES H. FISHER,
Editor and Manager

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THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT AND SANTA CLAUS

Christmas is again with us with all its kindly sentiment and its pleasing customs. It is the great religious festival day for those of the christian faith, commemorating, as it does, the resurrection of the Savior, and the blessed promise that for us too there will be a resurrection and another life, with Him.

While proper attention is paid to the religious side of the event there is a tendency to make it especially a day for the young. We have heard some find fault with this phase of the observance of the festival, but it seems to us that it indeed is a children's day, for it teaches the lesson of love of all things, of peace and kindness; of charity and brotherly love; of the blessedness of giving; of the fact that we are indeed our brother's keeper; and all the other attributes that lift humanity above the brutes and bring mankind that much nearer to divinity. It teaches the doing away with jealousy and envy; the putting aside of hatred and selfishness; the rising above pride of self and vain glory; of putting a check on our thoughts that tend toward evil and a bridle on our tongue lest it should do wrong to our fellow man. In fact the whole teachings of the day are to guide the feet of the young into that path that must be trodden by them when they obey His command: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

After all it matters little just what this or any day is, for no matter what it is, it is the spirit with which we observe it that makes it good or evil. And it is this Christmas spirit, not its mere name, that glorifies the day. Notice the busy shoppers with sparkling eyes and faces illuminated with the divine light of affection, as they choose this for one, and select that for another, thinking all the time of the needs or desires of the intended recipient and enjoying to the full the pleasure it will bring to those others long in advance of them.

Watch the bright eyes of mother, sister or the dear old grand mother as their busy fingers create some little gift to please or bring comfort to friends or still dearer ones, into whose stitches has gone a wealth of love and tenderness, that not only lifts up and glorifies the giver, but makes the gift worth more than rubies and above all price.

What wonderful thing is this Christmas Spirit? this Kriskingle? this Santa Claus? This divine entity that is invisible and intangible is yet all powerful? No one can answer, and yet it is a verity. A thing as real though as mysterious as death. At its coming the hearts of the world are touched and humanity becomes all akin.

Whence it comes, or what its origin we may not know, other than that it is divine, and the pity and pathos of it is that its visit is of such short duration and that it does not remain and abide with us always.

Everybody but the newspaper man has a holiday today, and they come in for about half a one, just whatever is left when the paper is crowded to press. That is what makes the average newspaper man so religious. Sunday is the only day in the year that he does not have to work. Just when other people take a day off to go to the fairs, see the ball game or take the kids to the circus, the poor devil of a news-gatherer has to hustle that much harder to get a story for the paper's readers about the especial affair and that too when "news are scarce."

Mayor Albee of Portland would censor the advertisements in the newspapers. This is a good move if the idea is carried to its legitimate conclusion, which would be to provide a censor for everything, even the public expressions of a mayor. When everything is being censored though who will be the final umpire and censor the censors?

From the regularity with which the ships in the North sea and along the coast of Europe strike mines, they give evidence of being better prospectors than the average miner. Still while they strike more mines they are generally not paying ones.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

Established 1868

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

Transact a General Banking Business
Safety Deposit Boxes
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE, AND DEMOCRACY

The force of example is illustrated in the case of the president and Mrs. Wilson selecting Hot Springs as a place for their honeymoon. Yesterday the dispatches mentioned the fact that six other honeymooners had followed the distinguished couple's example and were registered at the same hotel. In this connection, this is suggestive of the difference between the head of the American government and that of any European country, or for that matter almost any other country. In this land of the free and home of unadulterated democracy fresh off the bat, these six couples sent an invitation to the president and wife to walk into the dining room and take Christmas cheer with them. What was done is not known at this writing, but the dispatch stated that the request would probably be complied with and the president and wife will dine with the plain American citizens. This is right and in accord with our democratic ideas and practices; but in what other country would the private individual have thought of doing such a thing or the ruler, what ever his title, have considered accepting?

The chances are against any man ever becoming president, but under our system who knows but that some one of these six who asked the president to dine with them may sometime occupy that position?

Spain is buying munitions and rifles, some \$20,000,000 worth. As she is not in danger from any source, she either has the American idea about getting ready, or is thinking of getting into the mix-up. She has a leaning toward Germany and it may be the latter's diplomats have tempted her beyond her power of resistance. Anyway Spain is so accustomed to being whipped for the past century or more that she might feel better for a good shaking up. Rumania and Greece kept out of it, Serbia and Belgium did not. Spain can compare results and steer her course to take whatever she likes best as between treatments.

Dr. Elinor McGrath, of Chicago, is tender hearted, and recently when her pet bulldog with a Boston pedigree and a protruding under jaw passed in his checks, she purchased a plot of ground, laid it off in burial lots, established a crematory and provided beautiful drives and otherwise beautified the place all for the purpose of providing a burial ground for dogs and cats. Those familiar with the affection existing between a bulldog and a cat can hardly understand that either could rest, even in its grave, with the other planted in such proximity. A cat and dog life is bad enough but a cat and dog death with a cat and dog cemetery in common, is about the limit.

The winter solstice is over and the sun has started on his journey to the north again. In the meanwhile the rains act as though they thought it was never coming back, and the world was theirs. It looks as though they were at least half right.



Rippling Rhymes by Walt Mason

THE SPEED MANIAC

All men should lift their feet and kick against the cheerful lunatic, who gives his car no end of power, and burns up sixty miles an hour. We see him whiz by our abodes; we meet him on the country roads; he kills our geese and cats and dogs, and spoils our Poland China hogs. We are with terror stricken dumb, when we behold the monster come, and climb a tree a furlong high, to save ourselves till he goes by. He scorches through the country town, and runs the leading grocer down, and scars the local merchant prince, and no regret does he evince. Then comes a driver safe and sane, who has not speed upon the brain; he ambles by the village tower at fifteen modest miles an hour. The villagers are sad and sore; they've found that speeding is a bore, and now they're looking for a goat; they seize that driver by the throat, and take him to the donjon keep, where he may gnash his teeth and weep. They fine him forty-seven wheels, with trimmings added, so he feels, when he's permitted to withdraw, there surely ought to be a law. This happens every day or three; the criminal too oft goes free, while motorists who'd not offend, must pay the fiddler in the end.

Will Discuss Uncle Sam and the Liquor Question

"Uncle Sam and the Liquor Traffic" will be discussed by J. Sanger Fox, executive secretary of the Oregon prohibition state committee, at the Marion county prohibition conference to be held next Wednesday at the W. C. T. U. hall, Commercial and Ferry streets. The program for the day is as follows:

9:30 a. m., Object of Conference, A. J. Cook.
10:15 a. m., Present Outlook for the Party, J. Sanger Fox.
11:00 a. m., Marion County Problems, Oliver Jory. Discussion.
12:00 m., Luncheon. Toastmaster, A. A. Winter.
1:00 p. m., The Importance of Women's Votes, Mrs. Vera Frickley.
2:00 p. m., "Our Attitude Toward the Hobson Amendment," Mr. Ratcliff.
3:00 p. m., "Our County Committee," Rev.

S. S. Munney.
3:00 p. m., "Why a Prohibition Party," J. Sanger Fox.
3:30 p. m., Continued Discussion of County Problems.
5:30 p. m., New County Committee at Supper Together.
7:30 p. m., Public Address. Special Music, "Uncle Sam and the Liquor Traffic," J. Sanger Fox, executive secretary.

UTILITY OF PAT MEN

Sig. Marconi, who is undoubtedly one of the most popular men in Italy just now, has been telling a story about a certain celebrated admiral who was a countryman of his. "The admiral," he says, "had won many battles and great renown and at a ball given in his honor one lady said to another: 'How frightfully fat our dear admiral is getting.'"

"Yes," replied the second lady. "Isn't it fortunate? Otherwise he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals."—Philadelphia Ledger.

MY OLD FRIEND, "VELVET JOE."

(By J. H. Cradlebaugh.)

The best of all the friends I have
Is he who comes at night
And sits beside my fireplace
When candles are alight;
And lets his soul commune with mine
While the red embers glow;
And with me dreams again the things
Of the far long ago.

There's something sort of soothing just
In having a fellow round;
If you like him, sure he needn't
Be poetic or profound;
For his presence soothes and comforts
And warms you like a cloak;
And he needn't even whisper
If he'll look at you—and smoke.

And so I line my good old pipe
With "Velvet" to the brim
When Joe comes in to visit me
And I commune with him.
For though no word is spoken, yet
His inmost thoughts I know,
And silence has a thousand tongues,
All knows to me—and Joe.

My father's kindly voice I hear,
My mother's smile I see,
My brother and my sisters are
Again at play with me,
And she, the little sweetheart, who
My soul to love awoke,
Smiles at me with her starry eyes,
And loves me—through the smoke.

A thousand pictures spring to life
On Memory's moving film,
While Joe, though silent talks to me
And I commune with him;
And seeing them I live again
The days of long ago,
A lifetime every evening with
My old friend—"Velvet Joe."

DON'T BELIEVE IN A DEVIL.

Mon don't believe in a devil now, as
their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broad-
est creed to let his majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot,
or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air today; for
the world has voted it so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught,
that pulses heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing
year with ten hundred thousands
slain
Who blights the bloom and the land to-
day with the fiery breath of hell
If the devil isn't, and never was, won't
somebody rise and tell

Who dogs the step of the toiling saint,
and digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares on the field of time
wherever God sows his wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and of
course, the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the
devil alone should do?

We are told that he does not go about
as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible
for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in church and
state to the earth's remotest bound
If the devil, by a unanimous vote is
nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front
forthwith, and make his bow, and
show
How the frauds and crimes of a single
day spring up? We want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out and, of
course, the devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know,
Who carries his business on?
—A. J. Hough.

THE BUGLE SONG.

He went away to the war that day,
To the swinging bugle song;
All staunch and true in his suit of blue,
And sturdy, brave and strong.
Mid the tramp of feet and the loud
drum-beat,
And the ringing of the cheers,
There were none to see such a one as
she
Who could not see for tears.

And back again came the marching
men,
With the bugle singing still;
Yet the music's surge was a sighing
dive
All sad and slow and shrill.
For a woman wept, and a soldier slept
In the dreamless, silent sleep;
And the bugle-song had a measure
wrong
For the buglers sometimes weep.

And the buglers' lure while the years
endure
Will coax them to the line,
And the lifting strains on the hills and
plains
Still echo fair and fine.
But the suits of blue, and the sabers,
too,
And the worn and battered caps
Will tell some maid what the bugle
played
When it sighed the song of "Taps."

THE CALL OF THE WEST

The haze on the far horizon,
The tint of an autumn sky,
The infinite ocean of wheatfields,
With the wild geese flying high,
The hum of the busy binder,
The laugh, the song, the jest,
All of earth's wild freedom—
This is the call of the West.

'Tis the land that is free from tradi-
tion,
Where a man meets a friend as a
man,
Where people are up and are doing—
They can, for they know they can!
'Tis the land that is fast becoming
The home of the wanderer's quest,
Where the patriot sings with devotion
My country—the land of the West.

And far, far away o'er the ocean,
A sweetheart, a sister, a wife,
Is longing and waiting and wishing
To obtain a renewal of life
In this land where for all there is
plenty
That they may enjoy with the rest,
The fulfillment of hope and of promise;

: Special Price :

**FIVE LOADS
Mill Wood**

AT \$1.50 AT

Prompt Delivery

**Spaulding Logging
Company**

Always Watch This Ad—Changes Often

FOR THE WOODSMAN

We have all kinds of Axes, Sledges, Wedges, Saws and Equipments for the woods.
All kinds of Corrugated Iron for both Roofs and Buildings.
A good \$800.00 Laundry Mangel, slightly used for one-fourth original cost.

\$15 AND \$20 NEW OVERCOATS AT \$5.00.

I pay 1-2 cents per pound for old rags.

I pay highest price for hides and fur.

H. Steinbock Junk Co.

The House of Half a Million Bargains.

302 North Commercial Street.

Phone 808.

Poets Sing Praise of Dainty Mince Pie

Mince pie, which nowadays is re-
garded simply as a Christmas dainty,
suitable for the table of any household
which can afford it, was once a sub-
ject of religious controversy and a
bone of contention between political
parties.

The English Puritans considered
mince pie as distinctly anti-Christian
or at least as anti-Puritan. They re-
fused to refer to it by the name of
Christmas pie, by which title it had
been called from its first appearance
on the Christmas board, and first gave
it the name of mince pie. One poet
writes of the prohibited pie as follows:

"All plums the prophet's sons deny,
And spice broths are too hot,
Treason's in a December pie,
And death within the pot."

Another poet thus celebrates the
Puritan point of view:

"The high-shoe lords of Cromwell's
making

Were not for dainties-roasting, baking;
The chiefest food they found most
good in.

Was rusty bacon and bag pudding;
Plum broth was popish, and mince pie—
O, that was flat idolatry!"

The Quakers later adopted the prej-
udice of the Puritans, and many persons
believed that clergymen, at least, should
not partake of the mince pie.

As early as 1596 mince pies, then
known as mutton pies, were a part of
the Christmas banquetting. Neats-
tongue was later used in place of the
mutton in these pies, which otherwise
included much the same materials as
those which make up to mince pies of
today. Nowadays the meat part of
the mince pie is supplied by lean beef
and beef suet, instead of mutton or
neats-tongue. One of the verse writers
of the period thus chants of the
pastry:

"Without the door let sorrow lie,

And if for cold it hap to die,

We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
And evermore be merry!"

Herriek tells about the watch that
had to be set on the toothsome Chris-
tmas pie to save it from marauders:
"Come guard the Christmas pie,
That the thief though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks don't come nigh,
To catch it."

From him, who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And a deal of nightly fear,
To watch it.

Modern cooks in making mince meat
frequently leave out some of the in-
gredients which were used by the
women whose mince pies were con-
sidered the topmost pinnacle of per-
fection in this luxury. But mince meat
to be worth while at all must be rich,
and it is not well to economize too
much in its mixing. Here is a recipe
which has served some famous cooks to
the contentment of their families:

Two pounds beef heart or lean fresh
beef boiled; two pounds beef suet
chopped fine; four pounds apples, pre-
ferably greenings, chopped fine; two
pounds raisins, also chopped, and seed-
ed before chopping (the seedless
raisins are now much used, of course);
two pounds currants; two pounds sugar,
preferably brown sugar; one quart
brandy; one quart white wine; wine-
glassful rosewater; two grated nut-
megs; one-half ounce cinnamon; one-
quarter ounce cloves; one-quarter ounce
mace; two large oranges, the juice and
grated peel; one teaspoonful salt.

Mince meat is always the better for
being kept some time before it is used.
Put away in stone jars and it will last
nicely throughout the winter. It is al-
ready time to make it ready for the
holiday, so that its many ingredients
may be properly blended on the day of
the feast.

This is the call of the West.
—Hunt Copeland in New York Times.

THE RETURN.

He has come home again, to pace once
more
The yew-hedged walks behind his
garden walls—
To watch in peace the twilight shadows
draw on
Amid the silence of a drowsy world.

But yester-even I passed him in the
lane—
Ah, pitiful a crushed and creeping
thing
That children shriek and fly from when
they meet,
Thank God 'twas dark, 'twas very
dark,
And thus I needed not once more to
rend my soul
In looking straightly at the shrapnel's
work,
Striving to keep the horror from my
face.

His share is done—full measure, brim-
ming o'er;
Naught left but to sit patient in the
sun
And wait the kindest hand of all to lead
him hence,
Bravest of many brave was he, honored
and acclaimed.
Alas! his mother hears him weeping in
the night!
—Ethel H. Wolfe in New York Times.

Curtis Cole Brings In Registered Herd

Curtis Cole, one of the prominent
boosters for better cattle in Oregon
who lives three miles from Stayton in
Linn County, bought the entire herd of
thirteen head of registered, mostly
eastern bred, Shorthorn cattle of E. B.
Barlow, of Kelso, Washington, Decem-
ber 14.

The cattle were shipped December
15, and arrived in good condition at
Mr. Cole's farm the next day.
The herd is now composed of fifteen
head of registered stock, headed by
"Bob P," a 2 year old bull from the
John Boedigher strain of short-
horns, and was first in his class, and
champion at the Seio fair in 1915.

There are five cows, three of which
were bred in Iowa, one in Montana and
one in Kansas. Two two-year-old heif-
ers, one eastern bred, and the other a
direct descendant of Dunn's herd bull,
"Wapto," one of the best bulls ever
on the Coast. Three yearlings from
"Ronnoke," Barlow's herd bull, and
a bull calf, from the same bull com-
pletes one of the best herds in the
Willamette valley.

Mr. Cole belongs to the Shorthorn
Breeders' association of the Northwest
and is going into the shorthorn busi-
ness exclusively.
He is getting rid of all his old stock,
and we predict that in a few years
Mr. Cole will make the breeders of this
part of the country sit up and take no-
tice.